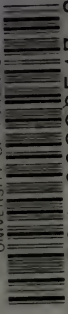


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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CRYSTAL PALACE.

Centenary Celebration

OF THE

BIRTH OF ROBERT BURNS,

JANUARY 25<sup>TH</sup>, 1859.

The Prize Poem

WRITTEN IN HONOUR OF THE OCCASION,

WORDS OF THE SONGS TO BE SUNG,

AND

ACCOUNT OF THE RELICS.

347108  
23. 2. 38.

LONDON :

BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

1859.

[The Author of the Prize Poem reserves the Right of Translation.]

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CELEBRATION OF THE CENTENARY OF THE BIRTH  
OF ROBERT BURNS.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 25<sup>TH</sup>, 1859.

THE FOLLOWING WILL BE THE GENERAL ORDER OF THE PROCEEDINGS:—

At 12 o'clock.—UNVEILING OF THE BUST AND COURT OF RELICS.

At 12.30.—BAND OF THE CALEDONIAN ASYLUM.

At 1.15.—PIPERS OF THE SCOTS FUSILIER GUARDS.

At 1.30.—BAND OF THE SCOTS FUSILIER GUARDS.

AT 2.—CONCERT—PART I.

At 3.15 to 4.30.—DECLARATION OF AUTHOR'S NAME AND RECITAL OF  
THE PRIZE POEM.

TO BE RECITED BY MR. PHELPS.

CONCERT—PART II.

With Choruses, in which the Visitors are invited to join.

RECITAL OF THE POEM OF "TAM O'SHANTER,"

Illustrated by Dissolving Views, Photographed from the Subjects by JOHN  
FAED, Esq., R.S.A., &c.

*This will take place in the Lecture Room, North End, several times during the day.*

# BURNS FESTIVAL.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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ON the 9th of November, 1858, the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company published an advertisement, stating their intention of celebrating the Centenary of the birth of Robert Burns by a grand Festival at the Crystal Palace. At the same time, they offered a prize of Fifty Guineas, under certain conditions, for the best Poem celebrating the occasion, and to be recited during the Festival, while they solicited the loan of relics and memorials of the Poet, which were to be exhibited on the occasion. An ample response was made. A week after the announcement appeared, several Poems were sent in; by the 20th of December more than one hundred had been received. From that time up to the 1st of January, which was fixed as the period after which poems could no longer be accepted in competition for the prize, great numbers were received daily. On the 31st of December no fewer than 98 were delivered by one post, and the total number sent in on that day was 122. On the 2nd of January, 621 poems were collected, of which 9 came from America. Shortly before this, the Directors solicited Monckton Milnes, Esq., M.P., Tom Taylor, Esq., and Theodore Martin, Esq.,



to act as judges to award the prize ; and these gentlemen having kindly consented, commenced their examination. In order to carry out the competition with the utmost fairness, it was decided that the names of the authors should not in any case be communicated, but that two mottoes should be inscribed, for identification, on each poem, and that the name of the author should be forwarded in a sealed envelope, which should bear corresponding mottoes to the poem which it accompanied. These sealed envelopes were retained in the possession of Mr. Grove, while the poems were placed in the hands of the judges. On the 19th of January, the judges made the following Report, in accordance with which, Mr. Phelps, who will recite the Prize Poem, will, immediately before commencing, break the seal of the envelope bearing the mottoes "*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,*" and "*A man's a man for a' that*" (corresponding to those on the poem), and declare the author's name.



REPORT OF THE JUDGES OF THE POEMS IN  
HONOUR OF BURNS.

*"To the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company, Sydenham.*

GENTLEMEN,

WE, the Judges selected by you to award the prize of Fifty Guineas, which you have offered for the best Poem composed for the occasion of the Centenary Festival in honour of Robert Burns, to be held at the Crystal Palace on the 25th of this month, have the honour to report, that out of the 621 poems sent in, we unanimously adjudge the premium to the poem bearing the mottoes, 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' and 'A man's a man for a' that.'

"We would, at the same time, express our opinion, that many of the unsuccessful poems sent in appear to be of remarkable merit. We venture to submit for your consideration, that increased interest would be given to the Festival, if the authors of those among the unsuccessful poems which we think the best, would allow their poems to be printed along with that to which we have adjudged the premium (with or without the names of the writers, as they may prefer). Should this suggestion be acted upon by the Directors, the poems we beg to recommend for printing, with the consent of the writers, are those bearing the mottoes and numbers respectively:—

8,904. "Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love."  
*Tennyson.*  
"Τὸν πείρει μούσ' ἐφίλησσι, δίδου δ' ἀγαθὸν τι κακόντι."—*Odyssey*, viii. 63.

(This poem is considered by us as inferior only to the one to which we have awarded the first place, and we have had considerable difficulty in deciding between them.)

8,994. "Gaudente terrâ vomere laureato, et triumphali aratore."  
*Plin. Nat. Hist.*

And— "Our monarch's hindmost year but one  
Was five-and-twenty days begun," &c.

9,141. "An English follower afar off." And  
"For Robin's sake may the best bard and the sweetest singer win!"

- 9,936. "Should auld acquaintance be forgot." And  
"Men learn in suffering what they teach in song."
- 8,859. "What maun be maun be." And  
"Ἡεῖμ' ὑπὲρ τύμβου Σαρκελίου ἕρμα κισσῆ," &c.
- 9,318. "An unshifting weatherecock which proves  
How cold the quarter that the wind best loves." And  
"Rerum natura toto est nusquam magis quam in minimis."

We agree in considering worthy of especial commendation the Poems bearing the following mottoes and numbers:—

- 9,281. "Stultus honores  
Sepe dat indignis," &c.  
"The man's the gold for a' that."
- 8,957. "Woodnotes Wild."—On Burns' seal.  
"Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize—  
Harmony the path to fame."—*Cooper*.
- 9,312. "Oh think not, mid this worldly strife,  
An idle art the poet brings."—*Campbell*.  
"Ceux qui aiment les arts sont tous  
Con-citoyens."—*Voltaire*.
- 8,853. "Cui Pudor et; Justiciæ soror," &c.
- 9,350. "Ceadh mille failtha!"—*Pen-yffud*.
- 9,270. "Man is an epitome of the universe."  
"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."
- 9,409. "At times a warning trumpet blown,  
At times a stifled hum," &c.  
"Φωνάττα συντοῖσι," &c.
- 9,330. "I wrestle and pray."  
"Excelsior."
- 8,558. "Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori."  
"The poetic genius of my country found me as the prophetic bard Elijah did  
Elisha," &c.
- 9,324. "Give me ae spark o' nature's fire,  
That's a' the learning I desire," &c.
- 9,368. "They who live in glass houses must not throw stones."  
"The sooner 'tis over  
The sooner to sleep."
- 9,303. "Homo sum, humani nihil alienum a me puto."  
"Fax mentis incendium gloriæ."  
— "Star in the East."
- 9,359. "Tentavi."  
"Ohne Hast  
Aber Ohne Rast."
- 8,953. "Not for the dead are acclamations loud."
- 9,358. "This freedom in an unknown friend  
I pray excuse."  
"Sma' heart hae I to sing!  
My muse dow scarcely spread her wing."

- 9,399. "The best laid schemes o' mice and men  
Gang aft a gley."  
"A man's a man for a' that."
- 9,423. "Better a wee bush than nae bield,"  
"Nemo me impune lacesset."
- 9,311. "Dear Son of Memory! Great heir of Fame!"  
"Sic fuimus, sic sumus."
- 9,261. "Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo  
Fama Roberti," &c.
- 9,266. "When earth shall blossom in her second youth, &c.  
"Ring out the false, ring in the true."  
So long sweet Poet of the year," &c.
- 9,319. A poem with no motto attached, but beginning—  
"A century elapsed, the day returns  
That marked an aloe blossom in a Burns."
- 9,156. "As from a cloud his fulgent head  
And shape star bright appeared."  
"He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',  
But aye a heart aboon them a'," &c.
- 9,100. "Then never murmur nor repine,  
Strive only in thy sphere to shine," &c.—*The Vision*.  
"Of him who walked in glory and in joy,  
Following his plough along the mountain side."
- 9,393. "Tenax propositi"—  
"Poeta nascitur non fit."
- 9,072. A poem without mottoes, beginning—  
"Not in light numbers, not in festal strains,  
Nor carolling exultant in his fame."
- 9,333. "Nos non nobis."  
"Pro patria semper."

These compositions evince so much power of thought and poetic culture in their authors, that we felt unwilling to pass them over altogether unnoticed in our Report. With the exception of 8,994, we do not name these Poems in order of merit; and this should be distinctly pointed out in the event of any of them being printed.

We have the honour to remain, Gentlemen,

Your very obedient Servants,

RICHD. M. MILNES.  
TOM TAYLOR.  
THEODORE MARTIN.

19th January, 1859.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE RELICS.

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THE Relics which have been selected from those offered have been arranged in a *Court*, and as far as possible labelled, so that they may be at once identified. The principal ones are, however enumerated below.

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### THE NASMYTH PORTRAIT.

On the back of this picture are the following inscriptions ;—

“Dumfries, April 8th, 1834.

“I hereby certify that this is the original portrait of the Poet by Alexander Nasmyth, Landscape Painter in Edinburgh, and is the only authentic portrait of him in existence, or at least the only portrait of the Poet whose authenticity is indisputable.

(Signed) “ROBERT BURNS,  
“Eldest Son of the Poet.”

In another handwriting :—

“This is the property of Captain William Nicol Burns, Hon. E. Co. Service, Madras.

“ROBERT ARMOUR.”

And Nasmyth's own inscription on the canvas :—

“Painted from Mr. Robert Burns by his friend Alex. Nasmyth.

“Edin : 1787.”

The portrait was executed to form a frontispiece to the new edition of Burns' Poems, which was brought out in Edinburgh in 1787, and was a labour of love by the artist. It was engraved for the purpose by Beugo, on like terms, and, what was not an usual case, the engraver finished his plate, receiving sittings from the living original of the portrait. The picture has been most kindly lent for the occasion by Colonel William Nicol Burns, and Colonel James Glencairn Burns, the sons of the poet.

## NASMYTH'S COPY OF HIS ORIGINAL PORTRAIT.

The inscriptions on the back of this picture will explain its authenticity :—

“ Extract from Lord Rutherford's Will, executed 27th November, 1854.”

“ To John Richardson, the copy of Nasmyth's (spelt Naysmith's) Picture of Burns, which I had from Jeffrey.”

Also this :—

“ I perfectly remember the circumstances under which my father, Alexander Nasmyth, painted this portrait of Robert Burns.

“ About the year 1820, a great Public Dinner took place in Edinburgh in commemoration of Burns. To add to the interest of this occasion, Mrs. Burns was prevailed on to allow the original portrait which my father had painted of Burns, and which he presented to him, to grace the great commemoration feast. Mrs. Burns also, at the urgent solicitation of George Thomson, granted permission to my father to make a copy of his own original picture for Thomson, while it was in his care for the above-named occasion. My father did copy his own original picture, and *this is it* which I perfectly remember him painting.

“ JAMES NASMYTH,

“ Bridgewater Foundry,

“ Patricroft, near Manchester,

“ May 23rd, 1855.”

## THE TAYLOR PORTRAIT.

This portrait was painted in 1786, by Peter Taylor, a friend of Burns, and was taken from the life. At the death of the artist the picture remained in the possession of his widow, and at her death was bequeathed to the present owner, William Taylor, Esq., of Scotston Park, Linlithgow, who has lent it for exhibition on this occasion. Mrs. Taylor was accustomed to guard the picture very carefully, and for a long time its existence was hardly known. In 1829, however it was very prominently brought forward as an authentic likeness, and an engraving of it was published by Messrs. Constable, of Edinburgh, under the auspices of Sir Walter Scott, who, with Mrs. Burns (wife of the poet), John Syme, Mrs. Thomson (formerly Miss Sewars), Mrs. Dunlop, Mrs. Macle hose (Clarinda), and James Hogg (the Ettrick Shepherd), with many other friends and intimates of Burns, gave testimonials of its great likeness, and upheld its authenticity. The



comparison with the Nasmyth portrait is eminently interesting, as, without question, these are the *only ones* not posthumous: and, in fact, the three pictures now exhibited are the only paintings of Burns now existing of any great importance. A full-length sketch of the poet, also from the pencil of Nasmyth, exists, but it was executed from memory long after the death of Burns.

DAVID ALLAN'S PICTURE FROM THE "COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT."

This picture is also lent by Colonel Burns. It will be noticed that one of the figures is intended to represent Burns himself. In the letter which he wrote to Mr. Thomson, thanking him for forwarding the picture, he says: "My phiz is *sae kenspeckle* that the very joiner's apprentice whom Mrs. Burns employed to break up the parcel (I was out of town that day) knew it at once. My most grateful compliments to Allan, who has honoured my rustic muse so much with his masterly pencil. One strange coincidence is, that the little one who is making the felonious attempt on the cat's tail, is the most striking likeness of an *ill-deddie, d—n'd wee rumble-garie, urchin* of mine, whom, from that propensity to witty wickedness and manfu' mischief, which, even at twa day's auld, I foresaw would form the striking features of his disposition, I named Willie Nicol" \* \*

THE PICTURE, BY STEWART WATSON, OF THE INAUGURATION OF ROBERT BURNS AS POET LAUREATE OF THE LODGE CANONGATE, KILWINNING, EDINBURGH.

This famous picture is the most interesting memorial of Burns' Masonic career. All the figures are portraits of the most famous Freemasons then in Scotland, and they were many of them the most celebrated men at that time. A Key to the portraits is hung near the large picture, by which the names may be identified. This fine painting has been kindly lent by the owner, Dr. James Burnes, K.H., &c.

## THE AULD CLAY BIGGIN.

A Picture by C. W. Brownlow, which represents the interior of the Cottage where Burns was born, *in its present state.*

## THE DESK, OR ESCRITOIRE, OF THE POET.

This is kindly lent for exhibition by COLONEL BURNS. At this desk Burns wrote "Tam O'Shanter," all the beautiful Lyrics he furnished to Thomson's work, as also all his poetical effusions for the last six years of his life.

Of the Manuscript Relics the first that will be noticed is that of "*Scots wha hae,*" written in Burns' own hand, with a letter submitting it to the Earl of Buchan. The following may also be particularised as very interesting:—A LETTER TO SAMUEL CLARK, commencing "*I was, I know, &c.*" Several short poems, and a Ballad. "THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR MAILIE, MY AIN PET EWE—AN UNCO MELANCHOLY STORY," a poem written in 1782. On the same paper is part of the "EPISTLE TO DAVY, A BROTHER POET." This is the MS. referred to by Mr. Chambers, in a note of the poem. An original letter from William Burnes, the father of the poet, in which he mentions his "*eldest son Robert,*" &c., *never published.* Several most interesting letters from the poet to his cousin James Burnes, one of which is the affecting letter commencing "*My dearest Cousin,*" written from the poet's death-bed, and dated July 12th, 1796. This was almost the last letter which Burns ever wrote; the three penned subsequently were very short. With these is also an original letter of Mrs. Burns (Jean Armour). A song copied by Burns into an album, is also of great interest, bearing his remarks as to the quality of the poetry, &c. The song he states was by an "*illiterate millwright.*" Of that period of Burns' life when he served as an Exciseman, some memorials are shown. The original "Commission," appointing him; a leaf from his book, inscribed



with his business memoranda; the Hydrometer case, used by him—and a sword-stick which he was used to carry.

Among the most interesting objects will be noticed a LOCK OF THE POET'S HAIR, and a LOCK OF THE HAIR OF MRS. BURNS (Bonny Jean), which have been lent by Mr. W. Anderson, of Dee Village, near Aberdeen, to whom they belong. A curious SILVER SNUFF-BOX which belonged to the poet, formed out of a Charles I. ten-shilling piece, dated 1642, split down the centre, will also be noticed. On the bottom is scratched "FROM G. McIVER TO RT. BURNS. FOR AULD LANG SYNE, 1791."

As will be readily perceived, it is not possible in the limit of these remarks to particularise every relic that is exhibited on this occasion: but some of the greatest interest have been pointed out.

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The Directors are anxious to record their thanks to the gentlemen who have kindly entrusted them with these relics for exhibition. To the following gentlemen they are especially indebted:—Colonel William Nicol Burns; Colonel James Glencairn Burns; Dr. James Burnes, K. H.; John Richardson, Esq., of Kirklands, Roxburghshire; William Taylor, Esq., of Scotston Park, Linlithgow; Henry Stevens, Esq., of London; Professor Ferrier, of St. Andrew's; Henry Campbell Barton, Esq., of Preston; Mrs. Forrest; W. Anderson, Esq., of Dee Village; P. F. Aiken, Esq., of Durdham Down, Bristol; and to James Nasmyth, Esq., of Penshurst, Kent.

# Programme of the Concert.

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*The following Songs are selected from the Works of Robert Burns.*

## PART I.

—♦—

1. OVERTURE—"GUY MANNERING." ..... BISHOP.
2. SONG—"THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN IN KYLE."  
MR. MAC DAVITT.

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,  
But whatna day o' whatna style,  
I doubt it hardly worth my while  
To be sae nice wi' Robin.  
Robin was a rovin' boy,  
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin' ;  
Robin was a rovin' boy,  
Rantin', rovin' Robin !

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane  
Was five-and-twenty days begun,  
'Twas then a blast of Janwar' win'  
Blew handsel in on Robin.  
Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

The gossip keekit in his loof,  
Quo' scho, wha lives will see the proof,  
This waly boy will be nae coof ;  
I think we'll ca' him Robin.  
Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',  
But aye a heart aboon them a' ;  
He'll be a credit till us a'—  
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.  
Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

But sure as three times three mak nine,  
I see by ilka score and line,  
This chap will dearly like our kin' ;  
So leeze me on thee, Robin.  
Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

## 3. SONG—"LORD GREGORY."

MISS DOLBY.

O Mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,  
 And loud the tempest's roar ;  
 A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,  
 Lord Gregory ope thy door.  
 An exile from her father's ha',  
 And a' for loving thee ;  
 At least some *pity* on me shaw,  
 If *love* it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,  
 By bonny Irwine side,  
 Where first I owned that virgin love  
 I lang, lang had denied ?  
 How often didst thou pledge and vow  
 Thou wad for aye be mine ;  
 And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,  
 It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,  
 And flinty is thy breast :  
 Thou dart of Heaven that flashest by,  
 O wilt thou give me rest !  
 Ye mustering thunders from above,  
 Your willing victim see !  
 But spare and pardon my fause love,  
 His wrangs to Heaven and me !

## 4. SONG—"A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN."

MISS RANSFORD.

A HIGHLAND lad my love was born,  
 The Lawland laws he held in scorn,  
 But he still was faithfu' to his clan,  
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.  
 Sing hey my braw John Highlandman !  
 Sing ho my braw John Highlandman !  
 There's not a lad in a' the lan'  
 Was match for my John Highlandman .

With his philabeg and Tartan plaid,  
 And guid claymore down by his side,  
 The ladies' hearts he did trepan,  
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.  
 Sing hey, &c.

[We rangèd a' from Tweed to Spey,  
 And lived like lords and ladies gay ;  
 For a Lawland face he fearèd none,  
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.  
 Sing hey, &c.]



Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn :  
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,  
 Departed—never to return !

Aft hae I roved by bonny Doon,  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine ;  
 And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,  
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.  
 Wi' lightsome heart I pou'd a rose,  
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;  
 And my fause luvier stole my rose,  
 But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

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7. SONG—"I LOVE MY JEAN."

MDME. POMA, late MISS TOWNSEND.

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
 I dearly like the west,  
 For there the bonny lassie lives,  
 The lassie I lo'e best :  
 There wild woods grow, and rivers row,  
 And monie a hill between ;  
 But day and night my fancy's flight  
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
 I see her sweet and fair ;  
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
 I hear her charm the air :  
 There's not a bonny flower that springs  
 By fountain, shaw, or green,  
 There's not a bonny bird that sings,  
 But minds me o' my Jean.

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8. SONG—"HIGHLAND MARY."

MR. MAC DAVITT.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around  
 The castle o' Montgomery,  
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
 Your waters never drumlie !  
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,  
 And there the langest tarry ;  
 For there I took the last fareweel  
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.



How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,  
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
 As underneath their fragrant shade  
 I clasped her to my bosom !  
 The golden hours, on angel wings,  
 Flew o'er me and my dearie ;  
 For dear to me as light and life,  
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and locked embrace,  
 Our parting was fu' tender :  
 And, pledging aft to meet again,  
 We tore oursels asunder.  
 But, oh ! fell death's untimely frost,  
 That nipt my flower sae early !  
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
 That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,  
 I aft hae kissed sae fondly ;  
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance  
 That dwelt on me sae kindly !  
 And mouldering now in silent dust  
 The heart that lo'ed me dearly !  
 But still within my bosom's core  
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

9. SONG—"O WERE I ABLE TO REHEARSE."

(Written expressly for the occasion by THOMAS OLIPHANT, Esq.)

MISS DOLBY.

"Oh ! were I able to rehearse  
 Our Bardie's praise in proper verse,  
 I'd sound it out as loud and fierce  
 As ever piper's drone could blaw."  
 What tho' he only ca'd a plough,  
 The like o' Rob I never knew ;  
 To equal him in truth there's few  
 Here about or far awa'.

While moderns sing their feckless strains,  
 'Bout sighing nymphs, and dying swains,  
 (I wonder folk wi' ony brains  
 Can listen to such stuff at a' !)  
 Just croon to Rob some auld Scotch sonnet ;  
 Before ye'd think he'd time to con it,  
 He'd whip ye aff a sang upon it  
 Sae sweet 'twould melt your heart in twa.

Rob had his faults, I'll no deny it,  
 (If ye've but ane the world will spy it ;)   
 But tho' his head would oft run riot,  
     His heart it ne'er gaed wrang at a'.  
 And tho' they say he was na' happy  
 But when out-ow'r the lugs in nappy,  
 There's ither folks can tak a drappy,  
     Here about and far awa'.

Now farewell Rob, thou'st run thy race,  
 But shame to them, and black disgrace,  
 Wha raised thee first aboon thy place,  
     Then left thee there, to stand or fa'.  
 Yet while thy fate all Scotia mourns,  
 We'll sing whene'er this day returns,  
 In memory of Robie Burns,  
     Here about and far awa'.

10. GLEE—"A RED, RED ROSE."

MISS RANSFORD, MR. GENGE, MR. MAC DAVITT, MR. RANSFORD.

O MY luv'e's like a red, red rose,  
     That's newly sprung in June :  
 O my luv'e's like the melodie,  
     That's sweetly played in tune.  
 As fair art thou, my bonny lass,  
     So deep in luv'e am I ;  
 And I will luv'e thee still, my dear,  
     Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
     And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;  
 [O] I will luv'e thee still, my dear,  
     While the sands o' life shall run.  
 And fare-thee-weel, my only luv'e !  
     And fare-thee-weel awhile !  
 And I will come again, my luv'e,  
     Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

AN INTERVAL OF FIFTEEN MINUTES.



# The Prize Poem.

OPENING OF THE SEALED ENVELOPE,

AND

DECLARATION OF THE AUTHOR'S NAME.

RECITATION OF THE POEM BY

MR. PHELPS.

## ODE

### ON THE CENTENARY OF BURNS.



We hail, this morn,  
A century's noblest birth ;  
A Poet peasant-born,  
Who more of Fame's immortal dower  
Unto his country brings,  
Than all her Kings !

As lamps high set  
Upon some earthly eminence,—  
And to the gazer brighter thence  
Than the sphere-lights they flout,—  
Dwindle in distance and die out,  
While no star waneth yet ;  
So through the past's far-reaching night,  
Only the star-souls keep their light.

A gentle boy,—  
With moods of sadness and of mirth,  
Quick tears and sudden joy,—  
Grew up beside the peasant's hearth.  
His father's toil he shares ;  
But half his mother's cares  
From his dark searching eyes,  
Too swift to sympathise,  
Hid in her heart she bears.

At early morn,  
 His father calls him to the field ;  
 Through the stiff soil that clogs his feet,  
 Chill rain, and harvest heat,  
 He plods all day ; returns at eve outworn,  
 To the rude fare a peasant's lot doth yield ;—  
 To what else was he born ?

The God-made King  
 Of every living thing ;  
 (For his great heart in love could hold them all ;)   
 The dumb eyes meeting his by hearth and stall,—  
 Gifted to understand !—  
 Knew it and sought his hand ;  
 And the most timorous creature had not fled,  
 Could she his heart have read,  
 Which fain all feeble things had bless'd and shelterèd.

To Nature's feast,—  
 Who knew her noblest guest  
 And entertain'd him best,—  
 Kingly he came. Her chambers of the east  
 She drap'd with crimson and with gold,  
 And pour'd her pure joy-wines  
 For him the poet-soul'd.  
 For him her anthem roll'd,  
 From the storm-wind among the winter pines,  
 Down to the slenderest note  
 Of a love-warble, from the linnet's throat.

But when begins  
 The array for battle, and the trumpet blows,  
 A King must leave the feast, and lead the fight.

And with its mortal foes,—  
 Grim gathering hosts of sorrows and of sins,—  
 Each human soul must close.  
 And Fame her trumpet blew  
 Before him ; wrapp'd him in her purple state ;  
 And made him mark for all the shafts of fate,  
 That henceforth round him flew.

Though he may yield  
 Hard-press'd, and wounded fall  
 Forsaken on the field ;  
 His regal vestments soil'd ;  
 His crown of half its jewels spoil'd ;  
 He is a King for all.  
 Had he but stood aloof !  
 Had he array'd himself in armour proof  
 Against temptation's darts !  
 So yearn the good ;—so those the world calls wise,  
 With vain presumptuous hearts,  
 Triumphant moralise.

Of martyr-woe  
 A sacred shadow on his memory rests ;  
 Tears have not ceas'd to flow ;  
 Indignant grief yet stirs impetuous breasts,  
 To think,—above that noble soul brought low,  
 That wise and soaring spirit fool'd, enslav'd,—  
 Thus, thus he had been saved !

It might not be !  
 That heart of harmony  
 Had been too rudely rent

Its silver chords, which any hand could wound,  
By no hand could be tun'd,  
Save by the Maker of the instrument,  
Its every string who knew,  
And from profaning touch His heavenly gift withdrew.

Regretful love  
His country fain would prove,  
By grateful honours lavish'd on his grave ;  
Would fain redeem her blame  
That He so little at her hands can claim,  
Who unrewarded gave  
To her his life-bought gift of song and fame.

The land he trod  
Hath now become a place of pilgrimage ;  
Where dearer are the daisies of the sod  
That could his song engage.  
The hoary hawthorn, wreath'd  
Above the bank on which his limbs he flung  
While some sweet plaint he breath'd ;  
The streams he wander'd near ;  
The maidens whom he lov'd ; the songs he sung ;—  
All, all are dear !

The arch blue eyes,—  
Arch but for love's disguise,—  
Of Scotland's daughters, soften at his strain ;  
Her hardy sons, sent forth across the main  
To drive the ploughshare through earth's virgin soils,  
Lighten with it their toils ;  
And sister-lands have learn'd to love the tongue  
In which such songs are sung.

For doth not Song,  
To the whole world belong!  
Is it not given wherever tears can fall,  
Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,  
Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,  
A heritage to all?



## PART II.

*(The Visitors are particularly requested to join in the Choruses.)*

### 11. SOLO AND FULL CHORUS—"AULD LANG SYNE."

Solo—MR. RANSFORD.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind ?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And the days o' lang syne ?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

[We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pou'd the gowans fine ;  
But we've wandered monie a weary foot  
Sin' auld lang syne.

CHORUS—For auld, &c.

We twa hae paid't i' the burn,  
Frae mornin' sun till dine ;  
But seas between us braid hae roared,  
Sin' auld lang syne.

CHORUS—For auld, &c.]

And here's a hand my trusty fiere,  
And gie's a hand o' thine ;  
And we'll tak' a right guid-willie waught,  
For auld lang syne.

CHORUS—For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,  
And surely I'll be mine ;  
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne.

CHORUS—For auld, &c.



## 12. SONG—"THE DEIL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN."

MISS LIZZY STUART.

THE deil cam fiddling through the town,  
 And danced awa' wi' the Exciseman,  
 And ilka wife cries "Auld Mahoun,  
 I wish you luck o' the prize, man!"  
 The deil's awa', the deil's awa',  
 The deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman;  
 He's danced awa', he's danced awa'  
 He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman!

We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink,  
 We'll dance and sing, and rejoice, man,  
 And monie braw thanks to the meikle black deil  
 That danced awa' wi' the Exciseman.  
 The deil's awa', &c. &c.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,  
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;  
 But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land  
 Was—the deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman.  
 The deil's awa', &c. &c.

## 13. SOLO AND FULL CHORUS—"FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT."

Solo—MR. MAC DAVITT.

Is there, for honest poverty,  
 That hangs his head, and a' that!  
 The coward slave we pass him by,  
 We dare be poor, for a' that;

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that;  
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;  
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

[What though on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hoddin gray, and a' that;  
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
 A man's a man for a' that!

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;  
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,  
 Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,  
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;  
 Though hundreds worship at his word,  
 He's but a coof for a' that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that,  
 His ribbon, star, and a' that ;  
 The man of independent mind,  
 He looks and laughs at a' that ! ]

A prince can mak a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, and a' that ;  
 But an honest man's aboon his might,  
 Guid faith, he maunna fa' that !

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their dignities, and a' that ;  
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
 Are higher ranks than a' that !

Then let us pray that come it may—  
 As come it will for a' that,—  
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
 May bear the gree and a' that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that,  
 It's coming yet, for a' that,  
 That man to man, the warl o'er,  
 Shall brothers be for a' that !

14. SONG—"JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO."

MISS DOLBY.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,  
 When we were first acquent,  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bonny brow was brent ;  
 But now your brow is beld, John,  
 Your locks are like the snaw ;  
 But blessings on your frosty pow,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill thegither,  
 And monie a canty day, John,  
 We've had wi' ane anither ;  
 Now we maun totter down, John,  
 But hand in hand we'll go,  
 And sleep thegither at the foot,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

## 15. SONG IN FULL CHORUS—"DUNCAN GRAY."

DUNCAN GRAY cam here to woo,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;  
 On blythe Yule-night when we were fou,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Maggie coost her head fu' high,  
 Looked asklent and unco skeigh,  
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh ;  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleeched, and Duncan prayed ;  
 Ha, ha, &c.  
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,  
 Ha, ha, &c.  
 Duncan sighed baith out and in,  
 Grat his een baith bleert and blin',  
 Spak o' lowpin' owre a linn ;  
 Ha, ha, &c.

Time and chance are but a tide,  
 Ha, ha, &c.  
 Slighted love is sair to bide,  
 Ha, ha, &c.  
 Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,  
 For a haughty hizzie die ?  
 She may gae to—France for me !  
 Ha, ha, &c.

How it comes, let doctors tell,  
 Ha, ha, &c.  
 Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,  
 Ha, ha, &c.  
 Something in her bosom wrings,  
 For relief a sigh she brings ;  
 And oh, her een, they spak sic things !  
 Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,  
 Ha, ha, &c.  
 Maggie's was a piteous case,  
 Ha, ha, &c.  
 Duncan could na be her death.  
 Swelling pity smooed his wrath ;  
 Now they're crouse and canty baith ;  
 Ha, ha, &c.

## 16. SONG—"SOMEBODY."

MISS RANSFORD.

My heart is sair—I dare na tell—  
 My heart is sair for somebody ;  
 I could walk a winter night,  
 For the sake of somebody.  
 Oh-hon ! for somebody !  
 Oh-hey ! for somebody !  
 I could range the world around,  
 For the sake o' somebody !

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,  
 O sweetly smile on somebody !  
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,  
 And send me safe my somebody.  
 Oh-hon ! for somebody !  
 Oh-hey ! for somebody !  
 I wad do—what wad I not ?  
 For the sake o' somebody !

## 17. SOLO AND FULL CHORUS—"GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O."

Solo—MR. MAC DAVITT.

THERE'S nought but care on every han',  
 In every hour that passes, O :  
 What signifies the life o' man,  
 An' 'twere na for the lasses, O ?

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O !  
 Green grow the rashes, O !  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend  
 Are spent among the lasses, O.

[The warly race may riches chase,  
 An' riches still may fly them, O ;  
 An' though at last they catch them fast,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.  
 CHORUS—Green grow, &c.]

Gie me a canny hour at e'en,  
 My arms about my dearie, O ;  
 An' warly cares, an' warly men,  
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.  
 CHORUS—Green grow, &c.

[For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,  
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O ;  
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,  
He dearly loved the lasses, O.  
CHORUS—Green grow, &c.]

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears  
Her noblest work she classes, O ;  
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
And then she made the lasses, O.  
CHORUS—Green grow, &c.

18. SONG—"WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD."

M<sup>RS</sup>. POMA, late MISS TOWNSEND.

O WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad,  
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad ;  
Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,  
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,  
And come na' unless the back-yett be a-jee ;  
Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,  
And come as ye were na comin' to me.  
O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,  
Gang by me as tho' that ye cared nae a flie ;  
But steal me a blink o' your bonny black e'e,  
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.  
O whistle, &c.

Ay vow an' protest that ye care na for me,  
And whiles ye may lightlie my beauty a wee ;  
But court nae anither, tho' jokin' ye be,  
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.  
O whistle, &c.

19. GLEE—"O WILLIE BREWED A PECK O' MAUT."

O WILLIE brewed a peck o' maut,  
And Rob and Allan cam to pree :  
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,  
Ye wad na find in Christendie.  
We are na fou', we're nae that fou',  
But just a drappie in our e'e ;  
The cock may craw, the day may daw,  
And aye we'll taste the barley-bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,  
 Three merry boys, I trow, are we ;  
 And monie a night we've merry been,  
 And monie mair we hope to be.  
 We are nae fou', &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,  
 That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie ;  
 She shines sae bright to wile us hame,  
 But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee !  
 We are nae fou', &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',  
 A cuckold, coward loon is he !  
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',  
 He is the king amang us three !  
 We are nae fou', &c.

20. SOLO AND CHORUS—"SCOTS, WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLEED."

Solo—MR. MAC DAVITT.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,  
 Welcome to your gory bed,  
 Or to victory !  
 Now's the day, and now's the hour ;  
 See the front o' battle lour ;  
 See approach proud Edward's power—  
 Chains and slavery !

CHORUS—Now's the day, &c.

Wha will be a traitor knave ?  
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?  
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?  
 Let him turn and flee !  
 Wha for Scotland's king and law  
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',  
 Let him follow me !

CHORUS—Now's the day, &c.

By oppression's woes and pains !  
 By your sons in servile chains !  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall be free !  
 Lay the proud usurpers low !  
 Tyrants fall in every foe !  
 Liberty's in every blow !  
 Let us do or die !

CHORUS—Now's the day, &c.



## 21. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

God save our gracious Queen,  
 Long live our noble Queen,  
     God save the Queen.  
 Send her victorious,  
 Happy and glorious,  
 Long to reign over us,  
     God save the Queen.

O Lord our God! arise,  
 Scatter her enemies,  
     And make them fall!  
 Confound their politics,  
 Frustrate their knavish tricks,  
 On Thee our hearts we fix,—  
     God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store,  
 On her be pleased to pour,  
     Long may she reign!  
 May she defend our laws,  
 And ever give us cause  
 To sing with heart and voice,  
     God save the Queen.

\*Long live her daughter fair,  
 Lov'd wife of Prussia's heir,  
     And future Queen.  
 On this their wedding-day,  
 Sing we a joyful lay;  
 God bless them both, we pray.  
     God bless the Queen!

By J. Oliphant, Esq., Hon. Sec. Madrigal Society.



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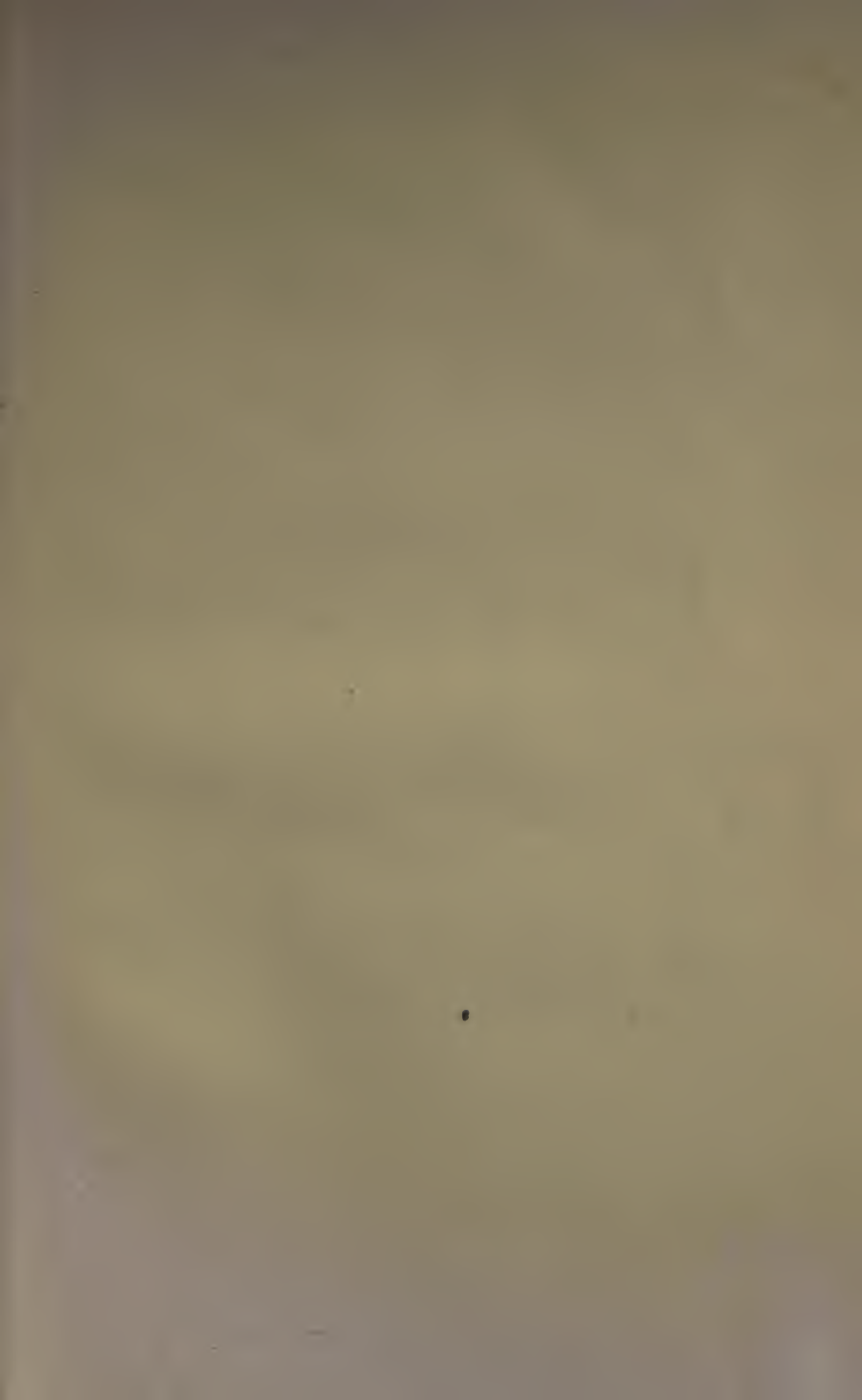
































































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